

Comfort

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Summary: Written for this one sentence prompt on Tumblr: "You're clearly hurting stop putting up a strong front"

Comfort

It had been a messy fight.

When Bucky had joined the Avengers everyone had expected Hydra to be all over the place and try their best to get their most valuable asset back. No one had expected that the KGB would meddle as well.

But, as it turned out, they weren't after the Winter Soldier per se. They had made it quite clear that they would also gladly take the Black Widow back.

The team had something against that of course, but it didn't change the fact that they got just that bit too close to Natasha for everyone's comfort. Obviously also for Natasha's as well, because as soon as the Quinjet landed on the tower she was out and gone in a second.

Before anyone could say or do something, Tony was up as well. "I'll go after her," he said and didn't comment on the doubting expressions of his team mates.

But no one really protested and so he was in the lift a few moments later. Jarvis helpfully pointed him into the right direction and Natasha hadn't shut her floor down, which Tony counted as a win.

When he entered the living-room Natasha was busy stocking up her weapons.

"What do you want?" she asked, voice brisk and cold, and she didn't

even look at him.

"Just wanted to check how you were doing," Tony said with a shrug and Natasha snorted.

"I'm fine. You should go and worry about Bucky. He couldn't have been comfortable with Hydra getting so close."

"Do you need me to point out that the same goes for you and the KGB?" he asked her and Natasha whirled around.

"Bucky's situation and mine are not the same!" she hissed and took a threatening step forward but Tony didn't move.

"True. Doesn't change the fact that your situation is pretty bad as well and you have every right to be shaken up about it."

"I am not shaken up about anything," Natasha shot back and Tony gave a pointed glance at her hands. It was just a faint tremor but they were trembling nonetheless.

Natasha made fists and stared Tony down, daring him to say something else.

"Come on, Nat, we both know that this was a bad mission and it stirred up even worse memories."

"You know nothing," Natasha bit out and while that hurt a bit, they were friends after all, it also didn't do anything to make him leave.

"I'm gonna change now and when I get back out, I want you gone," she continued in that same hard tone and abruptly turned around.

Tony watched her go, but when she disappeared into her bedroom he didn't go for the elevator. He walked over to the kitchen, opening the fridge, the freezer and some cupboards and got a few things out.

When he had everything he could possibly need he brought it all over to the couch and after he got two blankets he settled down.

It took Natasha a suspiciously long time to come back out of the bedroom, but that only proved that she wasn't alright.

When she came by the couch and spotted Tony she froze. "What are you doing?" she asked and Tony lifted one of the blankets.

"You're clearly hurting, stop putting up a strong front and come cuddle. There's ice-cream, chocolate and that horrible movie you love so much."

Natasha was visibly stuck between giving in and hitting Tony in the face but in the end her shoulders slumped.

"Scoot over, you're taking up too much space," she said while she wiggled herself next to Tony under the blanket.

"Am not," he retorted and pulled her close. "I need all that space to be a good cuddle buddy."

He carefully leaned forward to get one of the bowls with ice-cream and pressed it into Natasha's hands. She didn't refuse it and instead wormed her way under Tony's arm.

With her being that close it was obvious that she was still pretty shaken up, her whole frame was still slightly trembling, and Tony squeezed her a bit. When Natasha started eating her ice it was very clear that she didn't want to talk and so Tony motioned for Jarvis to start the movie.

The ice-cream was completely gone by the time Natasha rested her head on Tony's shoulder. "Thank you," she murmured, barely audible over the movie.

"No problem," Tony said and dared to press a kiss into her hair. It was a testimony to how bad she was doing when he didn't immediately die, but when she lightly swatted his legs for it, he knew she would be okay.

End
file.